

THE ILLINOIS FREE TRADER

AND LASALLE COUNTY COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

OUR COUNTRY—HER COMMERCE—AND HER FREE INSTITUTIONS.

VOLUME 11.

OTTAWA, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1841.

NUMBER 16.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
GEORGE F. WEAVER & JOHN HISE,
La Salle street, one door from the north-west corner
of the Public Square.

TERMS:
Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid in
advance; Three dollars if not paid before the expira-
tion of the first six months; And three dollars and
twenty-five cents if delayed until the end of the
year.
Advertisements inserted at \$1 per square for the
first insertion, and 25 cents for each subse-
quent insertion. A liberal discount made to
those who advertise by the year.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages
are paid, unless at the option of the editors.
No candidates' names will hereafter be an-
nounced in the Free Trader, unless the sum of
one dollar is paid in advance for each name.
All communications, to ensure attention, must
be post paid.

JOB WORK

Of every description, executed in the neatest
manner, at the usual prices.
OTTAWA is the seat of justice of La Salle
county; is situated at the junction of the Fox river
with the Illinois, 240 miles by water, from Saint
Louis, and mid-way between Chicago and Peoria.

Agents for the Free Trader.

M. MOTT, } Peru, La Salle county, Ill.
J. HOFFMAN, }
C. G. MILLER, Dayton,
A. O. SMITH, Smith's mills,
JASON GORLEY, Troy Grove,
HENRY PHILLIPS, Manson (Indian creek),
C. W. REYNOLDS, P. M. Postville,
REBECCA MORGAN, Morgan's mill,
WILLIAM RANNEY, near Van Buren, Ill.,
WILLIAM K. BROWN, Sunbury, Illinois,
HENRY HICKS, Hicks' mill, De Kalb Co. Ill.,
W. W. WISS, Oswego, Kane Co. Ill.,
ANTHONY PITZER, Boonesboro', Ogle Co. Ill.

From the N. O. Crescent City.

AN EDITOR'S DEATH.
Never did we see the "ruling passion strong
in death," as clearly exemplified as in the last
words of an editor. He was raging in delirium,
and the instant before he died, he shrieked out
"Foreign news! foreign news! Will no one
run to the post office?"

By a pillow propped up, the editor's face
Looks white as a piece of blank paper;
His skeleton form through the sheet you may trace
By the light of a small blue taper.

The hair on his forehead in dark ringlets laid,
As though there an ink leg was broken;
Death's dew on his brow, like the drops which are
mailed

By pressmen when sprinkling a token!
See how his finger is gripped to his thumb,
While a pen he thinks he is holding;

But never again o'er his vision may come,
The light which the dark grave is folding!
"Foreign news! foreign news, received by the mail,
Will none to the post office run?"

And a flash passes over the face which was pale,
And the editor's copy is done!

They laid out his corpse, and his marble white brow,
Like a broad arch rose over his brain;
Where his busy stream had checked its swift flow,
As it rushed through the tunnel of pain,

To the ocean beyond, where death's murky waves
Threw round the red whirlpool of hell,
His soul's bright surge, on those billowy graves,
Mounting upward to God, as they swell?

His coffin was plain, and his bearers were pale,
As the body they bore to the earth; (swail
Like shadows they loomed, which are born 'mid the
Of anguish where sorrow has birth. (prayer,
They scooped out his grave, and they red a short
As the clouds rattled o'er his breast,
And then laid a stone on his narrow bed there,
"To" reader pray fancy the rest!

From the New York Sunday Mercury.

Short Patent Sermons.

BY DOW, J. R.

On Cruelty to Animals.

TEXT.—As I walked out by the light of the moon,
So merrily singing this old time,
I came across a big racoon
A sitting on a rail,
And sleeping very sound.

At this old 'coon I longed to peep,
Because he was so fast asleep;
So up to him I gently crept,
And catch him by the tail,
And pull him on the ground.

Popular Song.

My hearers—We find it recorded on
the page of sacred history, that man shall
hold dominion over the beasts of the field
and the fowls of the air—and so he does,
with a vengeance that is sickening to
mercy, revolting to humanity and frighten-
ing to crows. What is a man more
than a 'coon that he should set his arms
akimbo, and stick his elbows clear through
both sides of creation, exclaiming: "The
whole earth is mine, and all that inherit
it must succumb to the puissance of the
almighty mandate of my will?" Yes, I
ask, why is it that he should do this,
while the very worms at his feet are peep-
ing from the clouds and laughing him to
scorn, saying: "Old chap, you may
crow and triumph in your vanity, but the
time will come when we will make out
meal of you and your household, just as
we have breakfasted upon the flesh of your
forefathers." Man is nothing more
than a lump of dirt in the scale of anima-
ted nature, and when he dies he mingles
his ashes with those of the reptiles of the
earth; and I feel well assured that even
Professor Silliman himself could not pick
out two particles of once organized dust,
and swear that this is reptiferous and that
human. It is true that man is endowed
with intellect and reason, which is denied

the beasts; but this only adds a thicker
coat of shame to the disgrace of wantonly
molesting or torturing them while they
are quietly snoozing in the comfortable
lap of Nature who provides for them with
maternal tenderness and care, as being
her first-born, and legitimately entitled to
her love and protection. If cats and dogs
do sometimes come to tooth and claw
with each other, and kick up bloody
rows, we can forgive them, because they
know no better; but for reasoning man
to purposely crush the insects in his path
beneath his high-heeled boots of arro-
gance, or to annoy dumb animals in any
manner, is wholly inexcusable, and he
ought to suffer for it. He should take a
lesson from what Uncle Toby said when
he opened the window and told the poor
fly to go, for the world was wide enough
for him and it. Why, my friends, I be-
lieve that 'coons, skunks and 'possums
are the true aborigines of America—the
real natives of Columbia's soil—that they
have a better right to its unlimited pos-
session than either you or I have; and it
is a hard case that they should be chop-
ped up and made soup of by a blood-
thirsty race of savage-civilized carnivorous
two-legged beings.

My friends—this venerable old 'coon,
alluded to in my text, it appears, was
soundly sleeping upon his favorite rail,
in the silvery light of the moon, and, per-
chance, sweetly dreaming of his lady-
love who was far, far away. There he
was, quietly reposing in his own valley
of contentment, while the wings of the
zephyrs brushed the balmy dew drops
from the leaves upon his chestnut pillow
—aye, upon the very spot which con-
tained the bones of his ancestors, and
which had been bequeathed him by the
God of nature. He felt himself secure
upon his elevated couch, and yet when
ever he thought upon his latter end, he
was fearful that thereby hung a tail, which
might prove a plague to his peace; and
so it turned out—for, ere the midnight
moon had reached the climax of her am-
bition, a wandering loafer, full of wine,
mirth and mischief, crept slyly up,
and laying hold of the posterior ornament
of the poor defenceless 'coon, hauled him
upon the ground and abused him in such
a ruffianly manner, that he was glad to
escape with a bugged eye and a bloody
nose.—What business had he to pull the
inoffensive 'coon by the tail while his
carcase was unprotected by his senses,
which were drowned in oblivious slum-
ber? How would you, my friends, like
to be served in the same way? Ah! you
would squeal for vengeance, and invoke
ten thousand curses upon the head of him
who did it. Such inhumanity is steeped
in the deepest dye of enmity, and places
a contemptible grease spot upon the
bright escutcheon of a civilized commu-
nity. It appears to me that because the
sins of the human race are visited upon
after generations, you want to make in-
nocent 'coons become responsible for a
portion of them, since they have no in-
iquities of their own to answer for. O,
shame, where didst thou get so much
cheek!

But, my dear friends, this poor, per-
secuted old 'coon is still living in the sun-
shine of a wide-spread fame and undying
honor.—While his brethren are every
day falling victims to relentless politi-
cians, and the skins of his kindred hang
parading on the gable ends of log cabins,
he is allowed to roam abroad in the green
cornfield of freedom, venerated and re-
spected by all. When the time shall
draw nigh for him to take his gray hairs
down to the grave in peace, he will glory
in the consolation, that, although he once
lost a comfortable snooze by a wallowing,
still he gained immortal renown by a
cruel and unjust persecution. Beware,
my friends, how you torment creatures
beneath you because they are not endow-
ed with the gift of gab, and have no way
of manifesting all the tortures they feel.
I shall raise my leather-lined lungs in their
defence. I shan't even permit you to
treat them as you do one another; for
they are worthy of more respect and de-
cency. As my friend Mr. Morris would
say, so say I—Old 'coon, while I've a
hand to save, a loafer shall harm thee not;
and I offer the same protection to the
whole quadruped kingdom, from a tim-
mouse up to the behemoth himself.

My friends—wherever you make tracks
upon the sandy desert of life, let Mercy
lead you with her rosy bands of love,
and your paths to the grave shall not be
wholly barren, neither shall the sun of
existence go down in the midst of the
dark, boding clouds of doubt. So mote
it be!

*This sermon was first preached during the
electioneering of 1841.

The weather was so warm in Albany,
New York, about the middle of July,
that the editor of the Microscope had to
draw his breath with a cork-screw!

From Graham's Magazine.

The Empress.

"Adieu my lord—
I never wished to see you sorrow; now
I trust I shall."—Water's tale.

It was evening. The mass had been
concluded in the royal chapel, and the
empress Josephine was returning to her
apartments through the gallery that led
thereto. As she was proceeding along,
she felt a touch upon her arm, and look-
ing around, discovered the form of a man
beside her. He made his obeisance, and
she immediately recognised the Counsel-
lor Fouche.

"What would Monsieur Fouche?" she
demanded.

"A few moments' private converse
with you if it pleases your majesty," at
the same time, pointing to the embrasure
of a window near by.

Josephine understood the motion, and
made a sign that she would follow. He
led the way; and when they arrived,
she demanded what he wanted.

"I crave your majesty's pardon for the
liberty I have taken," said the minister
of police respectfully, yet boldly, "but I
wish to make a communication, which,
though it may not be of the most pleasing
nature, yet demands your majesty's most
serious attention."

"And what may it be? speak," said
the empress.

"You are aware," said the minister,
"that I am with the Emperor, and have
ample opportunity for learning his secret
wishes. I became acquainted with one
recently, which of late has much occupied
his mind, and which he would fain gratify
but for the love he bears your majesty.
It is this: he wishes for an heir to inher-
it his title and power. Every man, you
know, feels an inherent pride in trans-
mitting his name to posterity; and it is but
natural that the Emperor should feel such
a desire. I would, therefore, suggest to
your majesty the necessity of a sacrifice,
which will add to the interest of France,
make his majesty happy, and which
would be as equally sublime as it will be
inevitable. Beg him to obtain a divorce."

During this disclosure, the Empress
betrayed excessive emotion. Her mild
eyes were suffused with tears—her lips
swelled; her bosom heaved—her face
became deadly pale—and the tremor that
took possession of her frame, told how
deeply her feelings were agitated. But
it was as the momentary cloud that ob-
scures the noon day sun; in a moment it
was passed, and, with a slight tremulous
voice, she asked:

"And what authority has the duke of
Ortano for holding such language?"

"None," he replied, "it is only from
a conviction of what must certainly come
to pass, and a desire to turn your atten-
tion to what so nearly concerns your
majesty's glory and happiness, that I have
dared to speak upon the subject.—Never-
theless, if I have offended, I beg your
majesty's forgiveness. Permit me now
to depart."

He stood silent for a few minutes, as
if waiting for her assent. She waved her
hand, the political intriguer of his time
departed, conscious of having done that
which none other in France would have
presumed.

Josephine turned away with a beating
heart—she reached her apartments; and
throwing herself on a sofa, gave vent to
her burdened soul in a flood of tears.—
It was not long before dinner was an-
nounced; but she refused to appear at
the table on a plea of indisposition, and
retired to her chamber.

It was but a short time afterwards that
the door of the chamber opened, and the
Emperor entered. He approached Jose-
phine. Her eyes were red with weeping,
and the tears yet moistened those bright
orbs, in defiance of her efforts to appear
calm. He seated himself beside her, and
put his arms around her waist.

"Josephine," said he, in an affection-
ate tone, "what is the cause of this emo-
tion?"

"Nothing," she answered, in a fault-
ering voice and scarcely audible.

"Something has occurred to bring forth
those tears. Tell me, what is it?" and
he looked tenderly in her face.

"I cannot," she said, bitterly, whilst
she leaned her head upon his shoulder,
and gave vent to another flood of tears.
"No, I cannot speak those fearful words,"
what words?

"The hesitated and then faltered out,—
"That—that you—you do not love me as
you used to."

"This false!" he exclaimed.

"Then why wish to be separated?
why wish for a divorce? Oh, Napoleon,
is it my fault that we have no children to
bless our union?—God has so willed it,"
and her bosom heaved convulsively.

He started as she uttered the two first
sentences, and compressed his lips as if

to suppress the pang of conviction that
shot through his heart.

"Josephine," said the Emperor, tend-
erly, "some one has been poisoning your
mind with idle tales. Who has it
been?"

She then related to him her interview
with Fouche, and asked him to dismiss
that minister as a penalty for his audacity
in playing with her feelings. He strenu-
ously denied the communication but re-
fused to dismiss him.

"No," said he, "circumstances compel
me to retain him though he well deserves
my displeasure. But why give credit to
such silly assertions, Josephine? Have
I ever treated you but with affection? Have
you discovered aught in my be-
havior to warrant suspicion? No; be-
lieve me, you are still dear to me. Banish
those foolish fears from your breast,
then, and weep no more." So saying,
he imparted a kiss upon her lips, and
then left the chamber to attend to the
affairs of State.

It was touching to hear such expres-
sions of tenderness issue from the greatest
monarch of his time, and to witness that
act of devotion, to see that proud spirit
unbent; but it was those tears of anguish,
and the whispering of that "still small
voice" of conscience, that humbled him
whose mighty mind aspired to the con-
quest of the world.

The setting sun threw its parting rays
over the earth, and pierced the windows
of the imperial palace. The golden
floor, softened by the crimson curtains,
fell upon the charming features of the
Empress Josephine, as she sat in thought-
ful attitude, with her head resting on her
hand on a sofa of royal purple, near the
centre of her chamber. A page stood
near the door, carelessly humming a little
ditty; his heart as sunny as his own na-
tive France. What a contrast with that
which beat within the bosom of the Em-
press!—Care weighed heavily upon her
breast. Long before her interview with
Fouche, she had, from the cause hinted
at by the minister, dreaded a withdrawal
of her husband's affections; but since
that event her anxieties had doubly in-
creased, and suspicion would take pos-
session of her mind, amounting at times,
even to jealousy. Not that she appre-
hended his proceeding to that extremity
at which the wily minister had hinted!—
no!—no person on earth could have per-
suaded her that he, whose joys and woes
she had cheerfully shared, wished for a
separation; but that some Syrian would
ensure him with her charms and usurp
that place in his heart which she only
should hold. All the powers she pos-
sessed were exerted by Josephine, in
order to retain his love, and sometimes
she fancied she had succeeded; for, of
late, in proportion as the sense of injus-
tice was about to do her, presented
itself to his mind, he became more than
usually kind and tender; but there were
moments when a gloomy melancholy
would settle upon her, an indefinable
something that seemed to warn her of
approaching affliction.

It was in one of these fits of abstrac-
tions, so foreign to her naturally cheerful
nature, that she sat as we have said seem-
ingly unconscious of all around, when the
door opened, and Napoleon entered. He
seemed disturbed, and trouble was vividly
depicted in his expressive countenance.—
He motioned for the page to retire, and
seated himself beside her.

"Josephine!" he said.

She started from her reverie, as he pro-
nounced her name—for buried in thought,
she had not observed his entrance—and
bent upon him such a look, full of sweet-
ness and affection, that it disarmed him;
he could not proceed. He folded his arms
upon his breast and paced to and fro, his
brow was contracted, his lips compressed;
and the inquiet restlessness of his
piercing eye betokened the agitation he
could scarce control. He thus continued
for some moments. At length he stepped
before her, as if his resolution was taken,
and then again turned away, continuing
to walk up and down the apartment with
rapid and hasty strides. After a short
time he stopped again.

"It must be done," he muttered again,
"I will acquaint her with it at once; de-
lay makes it still more difficult."

He made an effort to suppress his emo-
tion, and seated himself beside her. But
again his voice failed him, and he could
only articulate—

"Josephine, prepare yourself for sad
news."

Ever on the alarm, the purport of his
words seemed anticipated by her, though
not to their full extent, and she burst into
a flood of tears, scarce knowing why.

Dinner was now announced, and their
majesties proceeded to the table. Silence
prevailed throughout the meal, and the
dishes were scarcely touched. They
arose from their seats, and as they did so,
the page on duty presented the Emperor

with his accustomed cup of coffee. He
took it, but handed it back scarcely touch-
ed. He then proceeded to his chamber,
and the Empress followed.

They seated themselves when they
had entered, and remained for some time
silent. The Emperor at length spoke.

"There is no use in deferring the truth,
Josephine," said he in a tremulous voice,
"it must sooner or later be made known
to you, and suspense is more cruel than
certainty. The interests of France de-
mand that we separate."

"What!" she exclaimed, placing both
hands on his shoulders, and gazing with
an eager and enquiring look in his face—
"what! separate?"

"Yes," he answered, "France demands
the sacrifice."

Her hands dropped heavily—her bosom
heaved, and hot, burning tears, such only
as flow from a surcharged heart, gushed
forth in torrents from her eyes.

"And I—oh God!" she exclaimed, "I
who have shared your joys and sorrows
—who have been your companion for
years, who have loved you through weal
and woe—but I will not upbraid you, Na-
poleon. Yet she who supplants me, Ma-
ria Louisa, the daughter of the Emperor
F., can never love you as I have done—
Oh! no!"

She buried her face in her hands; the
Emperor remained silent.

"But," she continued, starting sudden-
ly, and throwing her arms around his
neck, you do not mean—Oh! no! say
you do not!—speak—you cannot mean
it. Tell me quick; say it is not so—that
it cannot, must not be. Speak, Napo-
leon, and the blessing of God rest upon
you!"

"Alas! it is too true," he said, his eyes
suffused with tears. Oh! how keen was
the pang of conscience that shot through
his guilty heart.

"True!" she exclaimed, "and you con-
firm it! Then Fouche was right. But I
will never survive it—no! I will never
survive it. Mon Dieu!—Mon Dieu!"

She uttered a piercing scream, and re-
eled backward, for she had risen from her
seat in excitement. Napoleon caught
her in his arms and laid her gently upon
the carpet. Her agony was too deep for
words, and she could only weep and groan
in bitterness of spirit. He stepped to the
door and called for Bausett. They raised
her in their arms, and bore her to her
chamber. Her women were immedi-
ately summoned, and she was resigned to
their care. Napoleon retired, greatly agi-
tated. De Bausett followed; tears were
also in his eyes; for Josephine, by her
goodness, won all hearts. Napoleon stop-
ped a moment outside to listen to her
groans of anguish. He related what had
occurred.

"The interests of France," he contin-
ued, addressing De Bausett, "and as my
dynasty does violence to my heart, the
divorce becomes a rigorous duty. I am
more afflicted by what has happened to
Josephine, because three days ago she
must have heard it from Hortensia. The
unhappy obligation which condemns me
to separate myself from her, I deplore
with all my heart. But I thought she
possessed more strength of character, and
I was not prepared for these bursts of
grief."

They hurried away. Conscience, ever
faithful conscience, was already perform-
ing its duty; he felt its just upbraidings.
He essayed to stifle it. It was this that
led him to utter such language to De Bau-
ssett—to assert that she had not strength
of character enough to receive the an-
nouncement without those bursts of grief.

What virtuous and affectionate woman
could receive with calmness a sentence of
reprobation; and that, too, by the tongue
of a beloved husband? Her heart must
have become a stone.

On the 16th of December, 1809, the
law authorizing the divorce was enacted
by the conservative senate. In the fol-
lowing March the nuptials between Na-
poleon and Maria Louisa were performed
in Vienna; and on the first day of April
they were joined in wedlock in the city
of Paris, by his uncle Cardinal Fesch.

Thus was consummated that act which
cast a shade upon the character of "the
great Napoleon," which time cannot ef-
face—A blot deep and indelible. It was
an act contrary to the laws of God and
humanity.

One wrong action will often tarnish a
whole life. We may admire his bravery
and courage, his vast conception of mind,
his gigantic intellect, his unparalleled
energy, his perseverance, and his deter-
mination of character; but when we turn
to this dark page in his history, admira-
tion vanishes, and contempt and disgust
usurp its place. It was indeed an act un-
worthy of the man and one that admits of
no palliation. It was not to France the
"sacrifice," as he termed it, was made; it
was to ambition. And may we not sur-
mise that the lowering fortunes, which

ever after were his, and the dark fate
which closed his days in a lonely island
far off on the bosom of the ocean, were
in some measure acts of divine retribution
which this act of his called forth?

Long years after the occurrence of the
foregoing events, when Napoleon was no
more master of Europe—when Louis
XVIII was seated on the throne of France,
and "le grand monarque" was a prisoner,
confined for life on the island of St. He-
lena—the lovely and accomplished Jose-
phine, the injured wife—ended a virtu-
ous life at the village of Malmaison, near
St. Germain, whither she had retired af-
ter the divorce. Her death was attrib-
uted to a disease of the body; but it is like-
ly it was not altogether that, or at least a
secret sorrow had so weakened an enfee-
bled her frame that the last rude touch of
disease overthrew the structure. Differ-
ently died the repudiator and the repudiated.

Lord Brougham.

Of this distinguished and somewhat eccentric
individual—who of late years has been less before
the public eye than at preceding periods, the Lon-
don Spectator of June 14th thus speaks:

Never the indiscriminate eulogists, we
have sometimes been the sharp censors of
Lord Brougham; but truth and justice
compel praise from lips unused to flatter.
Brougham is the only man of his own
high class of intellect in public life. He
has, in his time, done service to the cause
of rational government, which no one but
himself could have done, as he has at
times perilled a high reputation with a
wantonness in which no less robust a ge-
nius could have indulged without utter
and irrevocable destruction. He stands
now in the maturity of his power—ripened,
mellowed by experience and time,
with all his energies unimpaired. He
stands forth emancipated from party tram-
pels. By reliance on his own genius and
persevering industry, he has taught an as-
sembly which cannot be expected to sym-
pathize with him, to listen with deference
and fear. He is regarded with a kindly
feeling, even by the most excited portion
of the democracy. He can plead the great
cause which is now depending with more
knowledge, greater variety of argument
and illustration, and more impressive power,
than any other living orator; he can
plead it more acceptably to the house of
lords than any other man; he can count
upon a more willing attention from the
Chartists than will be given to any other.

By becoming the exponent of principles,
heedless as to whether men applaud and
follow him or not, he can make himself
the champion of the rights of industry,
the central point in which discordant wills
may meet in harmony. He can do for
free trade all and more than he formerly
did against the orders in council, thereby
rendering a service to his country as much
transcending his former services as the
matured powers of Lord Brougham exceed
the wayward energies of young Henry
Brougham. At times "spots have come
over his mortal star," but an opportunity
is now afforded him to efface their recol-
lection forever, and to cast a light on
what may be the closing scene of his life,
stronger and steeper than has shone on
any portion of his previous career.

Good—Very Good.

The writer of the following no doubt
had a cross wife, and speaks from ex-
perience. The advice, however, is so
good that we cannot forbear commending
it to the particular attention of all wives,
mothers, and daughters. Read it often
and practice its precepts:

A woman may be of great assistance to
her husband in business by wearing a
cheerful smile continually upon her coun-
tenance. A man's perplexities and gloom-
iness are increased a hundred fold when
his better half moves about with a con-
tinual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant,
cheerful wife is as a rainbow set in the
sky when her husband's mind is tossed
with storms and tempests; but a dis-
satisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of
trouble, is like one of those fiends which
are appointed to torture lost spirits.

Admiral Duncan addressed his officers,
who came on board of his ship for in-
structions, previous to the engagement
with Admiral De Winter, in the follow-
ing words: "Gentlemen, you see a se-
vere winter approaching. I have only
to advise you to keep up a good fire."

A sub-editor announces that the editor
of the paper is unwell, and piously adds
—"All good paying subscribers and ad-
vertising customers are requested to make
mention of him in their prayers—the
other class need not do it, as the prayers
of the wicked avail nothing."

A great poetical genius of our acquaint-
ance, says the Pennant, perpetrated the
following on the receipt of the veto mes-
sage:

Oh Johnny Tyler,
I guess you've busted your like!